

The Case of the Hiccups

by Berk'sWarrior

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Summary: The flight started normally, but ended with an embarrassment for Hiccup. He had gotten...the hiccups. But when Gothi concludes that hiccups are a deadly disease (and a very contagious one at that), Hiccup and Toothless must search for the cure. Alone. Who knows what things await for them out in the wild, away from the protection of his friends and the village...?

1. Chapter 1

A/N: Hello everyone! I have a new story, as you can now tell. I have one thing to tell you before we start the fun.

This is not fully my idea. One of my friends on Pinterest came up with the idea, and we both formed a plot, which lead to this. So basically all the credit goes to my friend.

Ok. Now, on with the story! And happy readin'!

* * *

><p>Toothless woke up first.<p>

The sun had just managed to rise from the sea, and just a few morning birds were chirping outside, their melody echoing through the walls.

He yawned, stretching his wings and limbs with a few numb cracking sounds here and there from oversleep. He blinked his eyes a few times, and sat up. His head instantly turned to the still sound asleep boy on his wooden bed in front of him. Shaking his head from fatigue, he got off his own stone bed and lumbered over to Hiccup's.

He gurgled at him loudly to wake him. Then again...and again. Nothing. The great dragon sighed, then nudged the boy roughly, almost

making him roll right off his bed.

Well..._that_ woke him up.

Hiccup's eyes blinked and he managed to say through tire and drowsiness, "What now, bud?" Toothless jerked his head up at the window above his bed and warbled. Hiccup smiled. "Alright, we can go flying. Just let me get my gear on." And with that, he removed the fur covers off of him, got up from his bed, hooking on his prosthetic, and put his other boot on.

Yawning, he took off his fur vest and replaced it with his riding gear, fixing the straps together. He looked at the sides and saw the connecting leathers seemed to be wearing down just a bit. He made a mental note to fix it later.

Tightening the last strap, he speed walked his way down the stairs, to find a plate already set for him at the table next to the fire pit. He sat down just as his father came from outside, a pail of water in his hand; obviously from getting more water from the village wells. "Ah, yer up brigh' an early!" His father announced in his big voice, startling Hiccup just a bit.

"Uh, morning dad! Yeah, I just, uh, wanted to get a jump on the day..." he muttered, fingering the cup of water in front of him, not being entirely hungry. His dad smirked. "Toothless wanting yeh to fly again?" he questioned as he sat down in his seat, tending to the morning fire. Hiccup nodded, "Like always." he said with a smile. He got up from the table, only having taken a bite out of the chicken that had been given to him, and pushed both his plate and cup away, signs of being full.

Hiccup yawned again, stretching his arms over his head, and said, "We'll be back soon, dad." He saw his father nod, and with that he walked back up the stairs and 'into' his room. His eyes widened when he saw Toothless sitting there with his saddle and tail fin in front of him, somehow having snuck them out from behind his desk.

Hiccup just chuckled at the sight. He walked forward and assembled the tack onto his friend, the saddle itself last and taking the most time. Hiccup noticed the attach cords to Toothless's neck piece and the saddle were wearing down as well. Toothless grumbled, wondering what was taking so long. "It's nothing bud. Nothing I can't handle." he muttered as he managed to get the straps hooked and in place. Toothless shook his head and growled, hearing that excuse before. "Fine. Let me reword that. It's nothing _14 years of smiting_ can't handle." he said with a sarcastic smirk.

Toothless rolled his eyes.

Finally everything was in place, and Toothless shook himself like he always did, to test its strength. After he was done, Hiccup climbed on his back and pat his neck, ready to go. Toothless let out a cheerful growl before climbing above his bed and perching on the windowsill, balancing for just a second before taking off in the crisp morning air, a breeze lightly ruffling Hiccup's hair.

Toothless's powerful wings set them forward, just from the lightest flap. Hiccup shifted his left stump, triggering his prosthetic back,

letting the tail fully out so they could glide normally. Hiccup looked down at the village below him as they brought their slow morning flight higher in the air. He could see Vikings waking up and dragon calls from both Vikings and dragons themselves here and there. He could practically hear the twins arguing already, and he could see Fishlegs walk out his front door, probably down to the docks like the rest of the teens, to do their daily chores.

Toothless grumbled, snapping him out of his short trance, as they moved away from the village and over the bit of ocean just off the docks. They were going a bit faster with the morning breeze in Toothless's wings; no one could deny the power and speed of the Night Fury. With that in mind, Hiccup tilted his prosthetic again, veering them right, to fly over the woods. Clicking it once again in a different direction, Toothless gained speed, letting them soar over the forest below.

No leisurely calm flight today.

Toothless quickly got the memo, and flapped his wings harder, making them speed up. Hiccup looked in front of them and saw that they were now over the cliff side of Berk. Perfect. Toothless was concentrating on the wind when Hiccup slowed him down. He pat his head, and suggested "How about some skydiving, bud? How does that sound?" Toothless shook his head, agreeing.

"Alright then." Hiccup shifted his prosthetic again, and they were lifted higher in the air with the force of Toothless's wings. Up and up they went, Toothless's tongue flapping from his mouth like a dog, and Hiccup cheering him on. Pretty soon, the air thinned from the height they reached. Hiccup looked down, and saw most of the island below him, and he knew they reached the destined height.

Hiccup carefully unhooked his connection straps from Toothless's saddle, and stood up on his back. Toothless warbled, giving him the signal that it was ok to jump. Hiccup smiled, and promptly walked off the side, and started free-falling.

The rush of the wind, danger, and excitement flew at him at once. He outstretched his arms, and laughed, the wind coursing through his hair, and giving him the sense of thrill, making him close his eyes half out of want and half out of pressure.

He opened them again, and saw that Toothless wasn't beside him. He looked up and saw his buddy gliding down to him, not being able to fly for obvious reasons, but opening his wings to slow down the fall.

Hiccup laughed, and closed his eyes again. They stayed like that, until Hiccup heard a strangled cry from above.

He opened his eyes and looked up to see Toothless trying to fly to him. "What's wrong, bud?" Hiccup only just managed through the wind. He saw the fear in his friend's eyes, and he looked down, causing Hiccup to look down as well.

The land was coming up to meet them much, much to quickly.

"Toothless!" Hiccup cried out to him, hands outstretched to grab the

saddle that was only some ways away above him. Hiccup looked down again and saw that a tree was only just getting bigger...

His hands finally reached their target as Toothless became level with him, and Hiccup climbed onto the saddle, hurriedly trying to reattached the straps. "_Come on...come on...!" He muttered. The metal circle was refusing to go through the hook. Hiccup tried once more.

The strap snapped all together.

He screamed involuntarily as the leather flew away from him, giving him only his other to depend on. Toothless gave out a cry, and Hiccup saw that the tree he had seen before, was coming straight to them, and at a rapid pace. No time...

Hiccup slipped his foot in his prosthetic, aware that he might fall off at the force. He let Toothless's tail out into 'glide position', and Toothless's wings let out again. Hiccup braced himself, as the force pushed them both upwards fiercely. His mind being ready, but not entirely his body, so when Toothless did this, he was slammed down onto the saddle, and had to hold onto its sides with all his strength so he wouldn't fall off.

He readjusted himself, once Toothless got his balance straight. Fear was pulsing through him, and his teeth were slightly chattering because of it. Toothless went straight down to land on the bare patch below them, both not as eager to continue their flight. He landed, hopping a few steps before stopping completely.

Hiccup got off, and staggered a few steps before stopping to lay down after the experience. He took deep breaths, and looked at the sky above them. "Thank the gods...thank the gods..." he kept muttering, closing his eyes.

Toothless, being completely silent at this time, stepped up to Hiccup while he was at sensitive point. He nudged him, causing Hiccup to jump. "Gah! Oh, it's you, Toothless." he pat his head, and scratched his ears, making his dragon purr. Hiccup's heart was beating out of his chest, and suddenly, from the depths of his lungs came a,

"_Hic!_"

Hiccup's eyes widened, and he looked down at himself. "What the..._hic!_" He had done it again! Realization hit him like a brick wall. Fear had given him the hiccups...

He rolled his eyes as he did it...again. "_Hic!_ Oh great..." Toothless looked at him with wide eyes, before he collapsed with dragon chuckles.

2. Chapter 2

A/N: Hello all viewers! I'm going to call you all that now. Even if you don't like my stories. If you're reading this, then you're a viewer until you close out of my story. I'm sorry. :P (I don't know what else to call all you wonderful people who clicked on this...)

Well, thank you for all the reviews, and let's hope you enjoy the goofiness that shall come up! (Hopefully, this doesn't bore you...*crosses fingers* I don't know how well I write silliness, so I guess you'll have to decide for me) But, during all the goofiness, there shall be those Hiccup and Toothless bonding moments we all so much enjoy.

UNLIMITED HICCUPS FOR HICCUP. *insert evil laugh

Well, with that said, pardon any incorrect grammar/spelling/punctuation mistakes -I suck at fixing those- and happy readin'!

* * *

><p>Hiccup covered his mouth with slight annoyance to the dragon, who clearly knew what his name meant and saw the cliché.<p>

"Too-_hic_-thless!" he scolded for making fun of him. His dragon just looked at him with a smirk before throwing himself into a fit of strange sounding dragon giggles. Hiccup groaned. "How in the world am I supposed to -_hic- _go back home like...this?" he questioned. Toothless made a gestured that looked similar to a shrug, and sat down on the ground. Hiccup sighed and did the same.

Toothless nuzzled his friend's arm, as if having an idea. Hiccup looked up at him, "Whatcha got?" he asked. Toothless threw his head back, gesturing to the saddle that was strapped to him. Then, he prodded the last connecting strap that was left on Hiccup's riding vest. Hiccup's eyes widened when he understood. "Alright, alright, I can go and fix the -_hic-_ connecting leather." he said, standing up again. He patted his friend's head and climbed onto his back. "Let's hope nothing terribly bad happens to us this time." He said sarcastically with a smirk. Toothless nodded his agreement, and with another hiccup from Hiccup, they took off back to the town.

* * *

><p>Hiccup steered Toothless towards the forest side of the cluster of houses, since it's kind of hard to make a midnight black scaled dragon blend in with the blue sky. Hiccup's eyes narrowed, hoping to avoid being spotted from any Vikings for one reason alone.<p>

Spotting leads to talking. If they start talking to him, they'll quickly realize what horror has been bestowed upon him, which he'd never live down once word got out.

"Ok bud, I need a favor. If you can, keep as far -_hic-_ into the trees as possible, until we get as close to the Forge as we can. We _do not_ want to get seen." Hiccup involuntarily whispered. Toothless's eyes narrowed with the sound of a challenge, and a tooth filled smirk grew on his face.

Not 2 seconds later, he rushed off into the trees farther in, with a yelp of surprise from Hiccup.

He ran instead of flying for obvious reasons, and every once in a

while Toothless would stop, and turn his ears around to attempt locating the coal-smelling forge. Hiccup's hiccups would echo every few seconds, which only made his task harder.

But, never the less, he soon had mapped out and entire rout there, a back-up rout in case there were any people who were strangely out of character and decided to chop down thick oak trees, and a back-up rout for the back-up rout. He was well planned out.

Toothless shook his head and snorted, darting this way and that through the trees. Hiccup clung on, hiccuping the entire trip, as he let his dragon take over on locating the forge. After, at the least, 2 minutes went by, he asked, "Toothless, how much -_hic_- longer do we have?" Toothless stopped and held up a paw, as if asking for silence as he scanned the area.

_ '__Drama dragon' _Hiccup thought to himself. He had a feeling Toothless was taking this a little too seriously. But hey, can't a dragon have a little fun once and a while?

After another moment of scanning, Toothless darted off to the right, the scent of coals growing stronger. His ears detected the sounds of coals hissing from a not-too-long-ago previous use, so that was the direction he ran.

Finally the Forge came into view, and Toothless halted. He looked up at Hiccup with a smile, obviously proud of completing his assigned task. "Good job, bud." Hiccup said, patting his head. Toothless shrugged as he climbed off, and his eyes immediately turned to slits as he realized the walk to the Forge. Hiccup's own widened, and he judged the distance from the safety of the trees.

"It'll take at least 30 seconds if we want to get there quietly, so when I tell you, dash -_hic_- across the ground as fast as you can. I'll be some ways behind you; my prosthetic will make noise we don't want in this -_hic_- situation." he explained. Toothless gave him a smirk of understanding, then gave his friend a reassuring nudge. Hiccup smiled.

"Alright. 1...2...3 -_hic_-...GO!" he whisper shouted, and both he and Toothless took off across the road.

Said dragon flew across the gravel almost soundlessly, a Night Fury just as quiet on ground as he was in the air. Hiccup, meanwhile, had to take slower, longer steps, hoping his prosthetic didn't give him away much. He looked around: not a Viking in sight. Excellent.

"Just a little farther..." he muttered, taking a creaking step forward. Everyone must have been at the Great Hall eating breakfast.

Toothless had gotten to the Forge only seconds before, and was now watching the boy walk slowly to the Forge. Toothless had to give him credit for some of the brilliant things he's done in the past, but right now, he didn't realize he could've easily ridden on his back instead of taking his sweet time walking. Toothless rolled his eyes and flopped down against the stone ground.

He waited. And waited. _And waited_...

Toothless opened his eyes and looked up to see that Hiccup had only made a little progress since. _'Wow...he must be really paranoid about this whole hiccuping thing...'_

Well, Toothless didn't feel like waiting. He sighed, got up and shook himself clean -because the Forge floor was always messy with coal, ash, and or soot- and made his way out. He saw Hiccup's eyes widen and he shook his head and held out his hands, signaling to stop. Toothless promptly ignored him. He strolled behind his rider and forced him onto his back, with a small gasp of surprise, followed by a _hic!_

He heard him whisper in protest that he was fine and could do it himself. Toothless snorted. Hiccup had stubbornness issues.

Suddenly his ears filled with the sounds of footsteps someways behind him. Turning around he saw a villager and her child walking down the cobblestone path, probably back home from breakfast. Remembering Hiccup's words, he suspected these humans would do the same: talk. Giving a helping hand to his rider, he bolted down into the Forge as fast as he could, to try and save him the trouble of being humiliated.

Hiccup, having no clue what had happened in the last 5 seconds, shakingly climbed off his back. "Thanks -_hic_- bud..." he muttered. Looking outside the Forge he saw the family, and immediate relief and gratitude to Toothless flooded through him. The child's mother may have wanted to sign him up for lessons at the Academy.

He turned around to see Toothless lying on the ground, his eyes half open and staring at nothing. Hiccup smiled and leaned down to pat his head. "Thank you, Toothless. You're getting and extra -_hic_- cod at dinner tonight." he thanked and rewarded, scratching his chin. Toothless gurgled his response happily.

Hiccup stood back up. "Alright," he began, "I need to fix both my riding gear, and -_hic_- your saddle, so with that, let me know if someone's coming." he finished. Toothless nodded, and stood up to let Hiccup take his tack off. All the while hiccuping like crazy.

"Stupid..." he muttered to himself, and hiccuped. he growled at himself as he carried the saddle over to the work table. He pulled out his tools, and walked over to the ladder near the entrance of the Forge, walking up and looked around for more leather. As he was rummaging around, Toothless could hear him still hiccuping, which he snickered at.

"I heard -_hic_- that!" Hiccup accused, his voice muffled from distance.

Toothless snickered again.

Hiccup stumbled down the ladder, sheets of thick leather in his arms. "You're lucky I found these -_hic_- or your neck-connection to the saddle would snap in mid flight." Hiccup explained as he put the leather on a pile to his desk. Toothless's head tilted with curiosity as he worked, molding out new pieces, and bending them to flexibility. Toothless could still hear him hiccuping, and grumbling to himself about it.

* * *

><p>Sewing was not something most vikings would consider, in a word, 'manly'.<p>

But Hiccup had learned how to anyway.

Toothless had decided to help the kid, and sat down in front of him, making sure the spool of string he was using to sew the new neck piece with didn't roll away and make a mess. Hiccup looked up at him and smiled his thanks, before another hiccup escaped him and the smile vanished.

In a matter of 20 minutes, a new neck piece was made. Tying and cutting off the remaining string that held the two pieces of leather together, Hiccup looked down and smiled, "This'll work just great." he muttered, and walked back over to his desk to grab the saddle to attach it on. Hiccup, being Hiccup, had designed it to be able to clip on and off, so it wouldn't choke Toothless every time he went to put it on.

Attaching it with ease to where the old strap was, Hiccup turned back to his riding gear he had put down on the desk next to the saddle. He picked it up and looked over the torn area where the connection strap had been ripped off by the wind (it was sewn into it after all). "This, may be a little tougher..." he muttered again as he grabbed to more pieces of leather, and began to twist them and bend them, molding them into another one.

Toothless, meanwhile, was bored. And really bored at that.

His head flopped to the ground, grumbling to himself. His ears twitched every once and a while, acting as a look out in case anyone came near the Forge, but Hiccup's complaining to himself drowned out every other noise. He tried to entertain himself by batting the leftover yarn...which for some reason, brought him joy.

Hiccup had managed to wrap the leather around another circle of leather, and was using, this time, a stronger type of yarn to tie the two together. He was going to make sure this one didn't break. He picked up another needle and attached the tread, and sewed the new strap tightly to his gear. He hiccuped now and then, making his hand jerk some, but never the less, after a few minutes, it was done. He stood back to admire his work, a smile spreading across his face. "It's all -_hic_- fixed now, Toothless." he called out to him.

Toothless didn't respond. _'The dr__agon's probably sleeping.' _he thought to himself.

Hiccup had been looking at his gear to make sure nothing else was broken, when suddenly heard foot steps enter the Forge. "'Eye there, lad. Didn't know ye'd be down here so early." He jerked around, knocking things off his desk in the process. To his dismay, Gobber had entered. His mentor walked Hiccup, to the saddle he had been working on. He looked down at the saddle, and asked, "What 'av ye been working on? This obviously isn't new."

"Uh, I was just...uh...fixing it." hiccup muttered, his hand partially

over his mouth, praying to the gods that they weren't so cruel as to make him-

"_Hic!_"

Oh no...

Gobber looked at Hiccup with a smirk on his face. "Do you have what I think you have?" Hiccup replied with another hiccup. Blush was rising on his cheeks, and he looked over to his supposed 'guard dragon'.

Toothless was sitting there, wide eyed, play with yarn, completely oblivious to the world.

Hiccup groaned. "Toothless!" he called out. The dragon looked up, and saw Gobber, his ears falling in realization. He put his head down in shame. Hiccup sighed.

He hiccuped again.

Toothless's head perked, and he and Gobber glanced at each other before they both broke out into laughter. Hiccup glared, but it was pretty hard to take him seriously.

Gobber sighed once his laughter ceased a bit, and said, "Just wait till yer father hears about this!"

'Why do the gods hate me?'

* * *

><p>AN: Hehe, oh Hiccup! You have no idea what I have planned...**

I'm sorry...but Toothless playing with yarn...is that not the cutest image ever?

Also, this is a note for ALL my stories: I will not be able to update often. I'm very sorry, but I am busy at times, so please don't give up on them or think I've abandoned them.

So...what do you think? Was it a good chapter?

Leave a review if ya don't mind!

I hope you like the chapter, and that you have a wonderful rest of your day, viewers!

-catz4eval01

End
file.